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Wayna Roy

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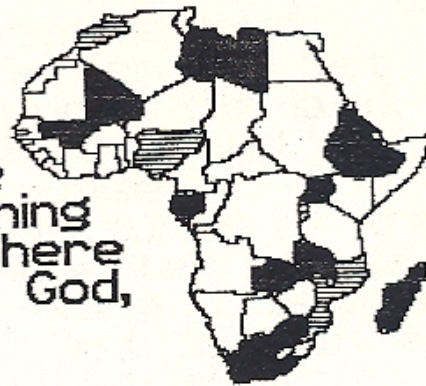
ARMA VIRUMQUE CANO
the aeneid updated

WAYNE RAY

DEDICATED TO;

CAROL SALES

In the
beginning
was there
God,



creating the
heavens and
the Earth,

and he saw
that this was
good.



In the beginning God
sent forth the light
from the sun and moon
and divided the darkness
on the face
of the Earth,

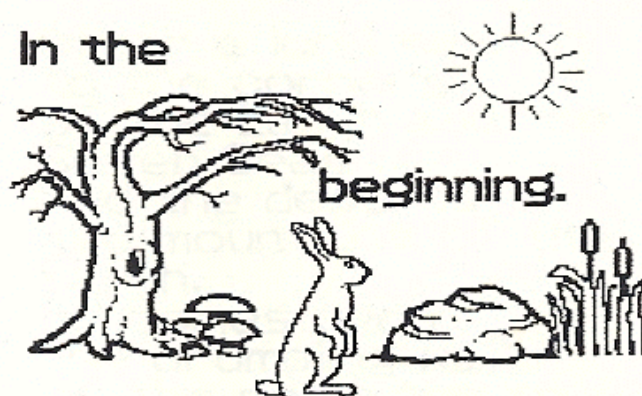


placing the fishes
in the sea and lakes
and the wide rivers
and He placed the birds
in the air
and other creatures
on the land
and He saw
that this too was good.



God became lonely
soon after and set
forth upon the land,
to rule the land
and counsel
the creatures of the
air and water and sand,
a new being in His image
and called him, Man, and
saw that this was good.

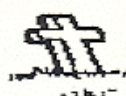
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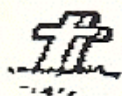
I sing of arms and man,
of he who has travelled
in search of the truth,
for an answer which God
has for him, and
the rest of mankind.
He has left unrequited
loves and hopes
and faithful friends
and set out upon this
quest to the Holy
Kingdom of God, into
those invisible regions
where we cannot follow,
a grave place, cloaked
in mystery and hidden
under the golden arches
of the last church of
the faithful.



After a long search
to the corners
of the Earth and the
Seven Seas
and the deserts
and mountains of the
Earth,
he comes upon
the crumbling walls
of the entrance to



THE
KINGDOM
OF
GOD.



The Priestess,
accosts him as he
approaches.

Our Hero speaks;

"O Great Priestess
true is it said
that this is the
entrance to the

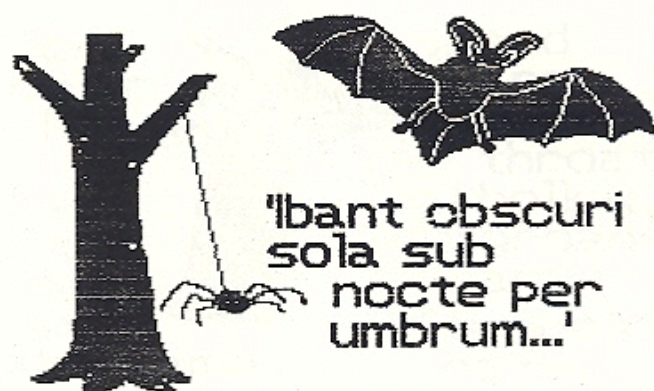
Kingdom of God.
Grant me this one wish,
that I might go into
the presence of
the Holy Father,
inspire me to see
events in futurity,
give me what heaven
has promised my fate.
Fix my wanderings
and find a place
for the exiles
of the human race."



With this said,
the Priestess
began to speak.

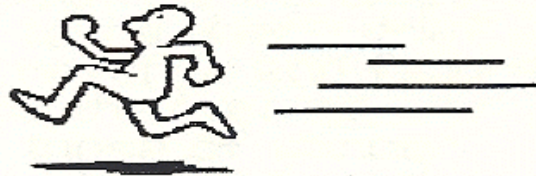
"You, my son, because
of your faithful beliefs
and since you
have shown courage
on your great quest,
this wish shall be
granted and only unto
you.
By night and by day
the gates to Heaven
lie open for all
to enter, but to regain
this entrance
after you have finished
is the task.
There have been few
of a faith as yours
who have been able
to retrace their steps.
There remains now,

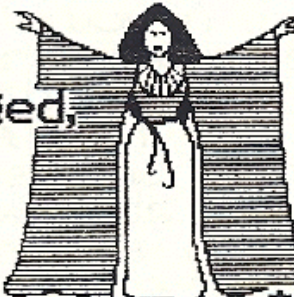
in this final realm
of God, the remains of
man's past, a key,
for in the dying forests
you will find a tree,
green in leaf and stem.
Bring a twig first to me.
To prove your faith,
this must you do."



On he went, shrouded
in darkness
with only night's warmth,
through the lonely
leafless forests,
seen through tearless
eyes, endless sighs,
through stinking bogs
and chocking fogs,
he felt hopeless,
lay down to rest
in the deepest dark
night and awoke in a
grassy field,
the center of which,
when early light
had woken him, was filled
with the greenest of
trees and having siezed
a healthy bough,

rushed back
to the dwelling place
of the
Prophetic Priestess.



| | | |
|---------------------------------------|---|---|
| Her color changed, |  | and from her throat hollow groans and |
| her face was not the same | | tempest came, |

and with trembling limbs
and a heavy breast,
her staring eyes
began to roll,
as God's power,
filled her immortal soul.

"To all mankind
in silent shades and
mediocrity,

I will now reveal that
which the Lord God,
has set about himself.
He has spoken to me
and it is to be revealed
for when He speaks,
out of his mouth come
all the hungry cities.

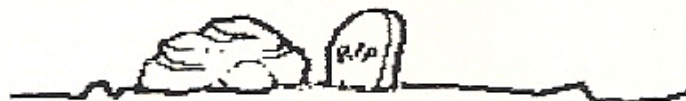
He has stated;

'Go forth,
under the umbric light,
through the phantom
dwellings of the past,
through the old cities
and towns where grief
and revenge and failure
place themselves
and those of cancer
squalid poverty and
malnutrition in the halls
of sorrow are beset.
Pass through
the halls of the weeping
children and tear at
your wounds
so that you may bleed
again and pass through
the realm of fear
and plague
and all forms of beings
horrible to look at
and leprosy and incest
and genocide
and the long vines
of greed and graft,
wet with an eternal
slime and you must
breathe in the wicked
breath of all you meet
and be without sin,
for sin comes in groups
in battalions,
like the frosts which
blight the sweet
blossoms of youth.
Cool the burning
passions in your veins
and feign bad habits'.
Thus saith your God".

FAILURE

If the mind could rectify mistakes
before they are made,
then life would be without despair.
Despair has engulfed me,
washing away my desire for life.
Life has given me a distasteful feeling
with few glimpses of laughter and hope.
Hope is lost and I must suffer
throughout my life with Earth's people.

People mock me and gossip
behind my back with false faces
and false smiles are directed at me.
I turn away but still hear whispering
voices of deceit and I will never
achieve satisfaction in my life and
failure is my name and embodiment.
I feel in a remote sort of way,
a depression sweeping my being,
sadness of failure fills my aching heart
like a raging tide.
I am just a block of stone.



HALL OF SORROW

Sometimes I get these feelings
of sullen sadness and restless
resolutions of life as if the last
orchid of the forest was placed
before my wonderous face
and without any feelings of guilt. . .
crushed into a worthless heap
upon the floor at my feet, and there is
no placid pang of pleasantness now.

O God, Great God,
the mystical mood music of leisure
passes from my lips,
to fall to the hard ground at your feet
never to rise again in our dull days.
At a time of sadness and restless joy
the crumpled orchid
restores its beauty and falls,
crumpled, restored, crumpled,
restored. . .

Lights upon a ceaseless ceiling
sending lifes memories out the door,
carpets upon a forever floor,
covering our pent up feelings
of orchid sorrow.



HALLS OF THE WEEPING CHILDREN
WINTERS CHILD;

Come the storm of winter's night
and in the blinding blizzard light
sirens wail or is it children's fright
echoing in the storms cold flight
but in the ever present darkness white
we, while inside by warm firelight
feign the cries of storm by night
a frozen heart beneath a street light.

SPRING'S CHILD;

How strange the curves
and ups and downs of my life.
Hedges on either side
of this infantile road, leading
away, winding away,
from that vaginal door, never
ending, up and down, up and away.

SUMMER'S CHILD;

Refugees,
the children swim
out into the ocean.
The boats wait, cold water
closes over their heads,
for the strength of refugee children
is small, they struggle,
they drown . . .

AUTUMN'S CHILD;

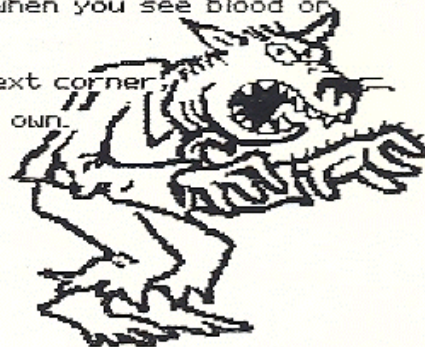
and the rains came and set a coolness
upon the land, and it was not seen,
and the sun shone and dried the rain,
warming the land and it was not felt,
and the winds blew across the land
and through the forests,
and it was not heard,
and the rains came and the sun shone
and the winds blew . . .

CHILDREN'S CHILD;

Street urchin on the streets 'till dawn
and all the people pass him by.
He spreads himself on a newly mown lawn
and looks wearily at the sky.
Where does the future lead him to?
perhaps a golden sunset, or
perhaps a sea darkened blue
or death so sweet and subdued.

THE REALM OF FEAR

For every stone and shadow knows
what evil lurks amongst the rows
of every line of trees that grow
melting tracks in new fallen snow
and in the fogs that creep at night
and fill the fields with eary light
it hides in shadows out of sight
waiting to use it's fear and might
and if you think you can stop and rest
when travelling forests on a quest
beware that when you see blood on
stone,
around the next corner
it will be your own.



ROOM OF DESPAIR

I take this time to ask God
or Christ or my soul for forgiveness
or compassion for all wrong doings,
bad, no evil thoughts and deeds.
I talk gibberish to pass the time,
I write poetry to avoid the rhyme.
The lights grow dim
and the sun sets on my desire
not to have any desires.

The door closes,
the chain falls against the wall
and the razor cuts the skin
just below the water line
and the warmth of death
enters my soul.
My warm blood,
spurt by pounding spurt,
leaves my black heart and my eyes
feel weak.

I see myself from afar,
floating down this road called death.
Even in death I find it hard to die
just as in life I found it hard to live.
Two doors await me
on this last road, two identical doors,
one to Hell and one to Heaven,
fire on the crest,
ice on the mantle,
my life on the long thin wire.

This great portion
of the quest finished
our Hero came upon
a road leading to
a clear river
which encircles the
Kingdom.
Here, Father Time,
waits for someone new
to ascend to God.

Here, a few spirits
of the good at heart
and heroes of wars
have gone onto
the sandy banks for
their passage across
the placid river
with the spirits of young
innocent women,
few though they be.

"Who are you,
who wish to cross
to the other shore
along the waste
dominions of the dead?
Tell me from whence
you came and where
you want to go?"

Thus spoke the Ferry-
man.

The Priestess
suddenly appeared
and stood beside our
Hero. She stepped
out of a cloud of dust
and presented
the Ferryman

with the green twigs
and spoke, saying;

"We have come from
Mother Earth
and wish to go into
the presence of God
the Father in Heaven,
the Creator."

Great Apocolypse
with its four horseman
make the Kingdom
shudder
with their great evil
and hold fast
the entrance to
the cave leading to the
Realm of God.
The Priestess,
seeing the riders
opening jaws of anger,
throws each one
illussions of peace,
shades of love and
hope,
and as they recline
on their steeds
our interlopers gain
entrance to the cave
and journey away
from the peaceful
river of time.
From the caves
farmost exit, another
road leads to the
Sacred Groves
of the Lonely Virgin's,
amongst whom
a lovely young woman

wanders,
and as our Hero
came near
and recognized her
and she him,
she spoke, saying;

"Alas, it is you
who had left my love,
and set upon this quest

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please come back to me
even in death i've waited so long
don't be afraid to ask my heart
where i am going

O how I've waited
these long years
for your return

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these are the thoughts
of my loneliness
dark shadows haunt my dreams
shadows of what might have been
had i opened my heart
i've waited too long
for you to say it
i alone hear the words
and here upon my bed i lie
where dark shadows linger

never to know
what might have been
had i opened my heart to you
and the worst dreams
are thoughts
of loneliness

and died of a broken
and lonely heart,

I was going to touch you
just now
but I hesitated a moment
you were gone
I so longed to touch you
hesitated gone again
let me
try to reach you
unlock the longings within
my heart

because
of our great
and lost
love."

Our Hero
soothed her with words,
alas,
in vain,

not having known love
I dreamt of going to your empty
house or apartment or lodging
on a steamy dark night under
a blue moon where we drank
and talked and laughed
while you stripped me naked
with your eyes
phantom fingers up and down
my thighs
your tongue on my breasts
and
having never known love
I dreamt. . .

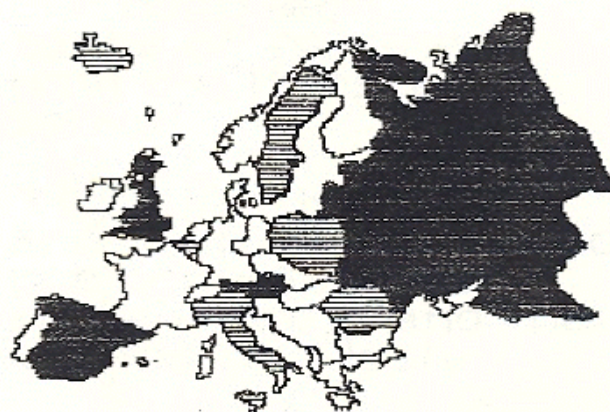
for she remained
lonely
even in death, turning,
she walked into

the peaceful groves
and found solice
in the serenity
of the self.

loose
ly

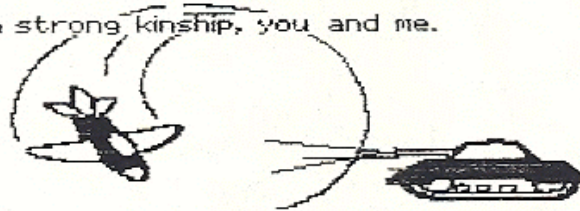
blue sleep ocean water
clinging to me your voice
calling to me
you found another love to hold
while my love grew stale and old
i longed for you
and called your name
while you were loving another
i was so vain to think
that you would wait for me
maybe it is my destiny
to whore myself
to submit my overt sexuality
to many men lovers beasts devils

i just dont love you any more
and you wouldnt understand
that the minds of men
are shrouded in hell
the words are falling off off
and all is well round to nothing
and everyone yells in
kingdom come dark hollows
taking shape in masses of glass
and shadows of darkness



As the Priestess
and our Hero wandered
they came to the
Fields of Friendship of
Days Past.
Here they met the souls
of friends
of former wars,
one beckoned, saying;

A thousand battles have we fought,
a thousand battles won,
seen fighting pride
across those bloody plains.
Bayonets up and fixed to kill
the enemies seen and off we go,
our courage was fleeing forward.
Now for us these wars are over,
each battle fought was won,
peace shall come upon this Earth,
until there's another one.
I am here now, in God's realm
and what joy does fill my heart
to see you safe and free.
Let us stay friends even in death,
a strong kinship, you and me.



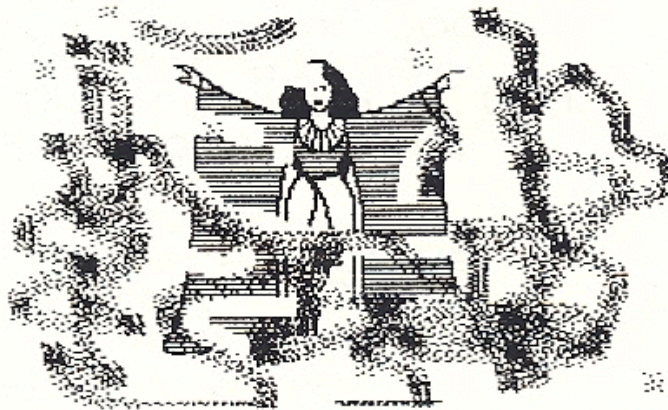
Our Hero wept
tears of happiness
until the Priestess
spoke;

"Night is rushing on
and we must not spend
our precious time
in idle weeping and the
tearing of flesh,

for here the road
divides, one part
leading through the
Holy City to the House
of God,
and the other is for me
for my journey is done
and through nearby
gates I must go,
back to my beginnings.

Go forth
with a stout heart
and in good faith."

With these words
she rose into the air
and in a rush of wind
and a cloud of dust
she disappeared
to whence she came.



As he walked
through the gates
to the City of God,
the air became clear
and the rivers
ran clean, and he came
upon green grasses
and fields,
great buildings
of charm and beauty.

Walking through
the wonderful
City of God, he passes
the souls of great
women and men
and there is the song
of birds in the air,
while the sun shone
bright overhead.
After a short while

our Hero comes to
the House of God.
He stepped into
the presence of God,
he spoke, saying;

"In devotion
all there is of us,
is for you, God.
We take a lowly place
to serve you
with a consistancy
of the spirit.
In this faith
my heart is set to do
all the will of God,
the hardships
and the toil,
to lay our tributes
at the feet

of one who is nobler
than we.

In harmony with
your character are
men who have tried
to stem the tide of sin
in unapplauded toil
among the street poor
and pave a path
of whole hearted

consecration
into spheres of
sublime service.

O Great God,
our father in Heaven,
we bless thee for all
thy uplifting ministries
and for uniting us all
by the bonds of
tender sympathy.

You have done great
things for us,
and we are glad and
send sweet messages
for your grace
and power.

O God,
send us answers that
shall make us glad.
Give life once again

to all our noblest
intentions.

Comfort those
that mourn and tear
at their wounds
and grant unto us
tender solices
and enable us to
fortify our spirits
against that

which awaits us
in the future. Fill us
with noble desires.
Help us to scatter
the darkness from
our minds and hearts
and our souls.
I am sorry though,
that we humans
are so fondly attached
to those things
which easily perish,
and live lives as
tasteless as
communion wafers.
O God, Great God,
but alas, who am I
to speak, but a puny
man beside your great
realm.

Why are not the waters
sparkling and the air
as clear on Earth?
In the beginning you
placed us upon
this Earth to learn
from nature,
but have we been
looking so long
that we do not see?

Heard your call,
but not been listening?
Have we been sleeping
much too long?
Surely you can't say
that we've been wrong?
War, Famine,
Pestilence, and Disease,
you say it's us, but
surely this can't be,

for did you
who made the lamb, God,
make me?

Your hand has been
in all living things,
some species are
going and others
are gone, you say
it's us but you
must be wrong!

We cannot die,
for you are with us,
aren't you?

God,
come back!
Where are you going?

God rose up into
the air

and spoke in flames
to melt his icy stare,
while the ground
beneath our Hero's
feet, trembled such,
that no beast nor bird
could sleep
and all the oceans
under the sun,
boiled and burned
and rose in clouds
creating the last
heavenly shroud.

He raised his arms
and thunder rolled,
lightning flared
and the rain was bold.

"How dare you,
O common man,
accuse me
of ruining your land
and now you come
and speak of deeds
to rectify your
infantile needs,
and how can you
speak of peace,
of holy toil
and lack of sin,
and why have you not
done your part,
to seek the answers
from within your
so called..holy heart?
I see no reason
to help mankind,
for you and yours
are all lost.
Fling yourself
upon the ground,
upon this rotting
piece of sod
and feel the last
horrible wrath,
of your truly
unforgiving
GOD!!!"



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